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gratitude to his illustrious friend; and while suppressing all mention of non-acceptance, to plead his literary biases in extenuation of unfitness for the place.

Regarding the poem, then, as an apologetic address, we perceive a coherence in its parts. The chasm, which appeared to lie between the introductory couplet and the following lines, is naturally and easily bridged over, and the matter of the argument is seen to unite with the closing thought in the ode.

W. H.

## Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

Dear Crayon:

DUSSELDORF, August, 1858.

The Academy Exhibition was opened here on the 4th of July. Little or nothing can be remarked of it this year that would not be almost equally applicable to its predecessors, and in all probability to those which are to come for many years. However, as these remarks come but once a year, and are, moreover, neither very deep nor elaborate, they may not be objectionable to your readers.

After passing through the dilapidated court-yard, and taking a glance at the dumpy statue of old John William, we purchase a ticket for ten cents, and commence an ascent of four stair-cases; once on top, and relieved of our ticket by a smiling damsel, we enter a large hall, which, for the purpose of economizing space, is divided into rather narrow compartments by temporary partitions, on both sides of which the pictures are hung. The room is lighted by immense windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, and directly facing the east; owing to a flood of sunshine in the morning, the exhibition cannot be opened till eleven, and in consequence of feeble light in the afternoon, it must be closed at five. The exhibition is kept open from the 4th of July until the 1st of November, during which time there are generally upwards of a thousand paintings exhibited. It is therefore constantly changing; at one time there may be nothing but landscape and *genre* pictures, and a week or two after, this monotony of subject may be relieved by a stiff figure of Christ or a red-eyed Virgin—two subjects, by the way, famous with the academicians.

A historical picture very rarely makes its appearance here. Now and then, however, one comes up to remind us, as it were, that this class of art is not yet entirely extinct. Up to this time one work only of this kind has graced the walls. It is a very large picture of many figures life size, representing an incident—it cannot be called an event—in feudal times. It seems to have been painted for a very select few, as scarcely anybody comprehends its meaning, and of those who do, only one in ten has the good fortune to appreciate it. Landscapes, as usual, predominate in number; some of these seem to accomplish perfectly the aims of their several authors, being in drawing, color, and effect, literal transcripts of nature. One by Lessing, one by A. Weber, and another by A. Flamm, are remarkable for everything that can be desired in respect to beauty of design and faultless execution. There are many others that suffer but little from a contrast with the masterpieces just named, but their authors are unknown to your readers, and there are few things less interesting than a catalogue of "sunsets," "forest scenes," etc., by men whose fame has not yet crossed the Atlantic. Of portraits and *genre* pictures there is nothing to be said, as the exhibition at present contains very few of them, and they are not of a kind to deserve attention. The few of the latter which are exhibited are repre-

tations of the same old tale of trifling incident in low domestic life—of cabbage leaves and the brass kettle. They are marked as before by great power of execution, with almost a total want of invention; so far indeed is this the case, that their authors are reduced to plagiarize the works of each other, inasmuch as in less than a month after a piece entitled "The Grandmother's Visit" has been exhibited, we generally see another by a different artist setting forth "The Grandfather's Visit," and then successively "The Grandchild's Visit to its Grandmother," and ditto ditto to its grandfather. Not long ago there was a small picture exhibited called "Two Children in a Wood;" very shortly afterwards a "Forest with two Children" made its appearance. So, too, the "First Born" suggested the "New Calf," etc.

It is doubtless generally known to the interested that Lessing has accepted the directorship of the Academy at Carlsruhe. He will go hence as soon as his affairs are settled—possibly in less than a month. The Malkasten (a society of Dusseldorf artists so called) gave him a dinner. On this occasion, in addition to the usual complimentary and other speeches, his principal works were represented on a stage by living characters, in the persons of members of the association. Some of these living pictures were excellent, recalling vividly their originals. The departure of this great artist will leave a blank in the Dusseldorf school, which, in all probability, will never be supplied; indeed, a man of such depth of thought and of such immense power as an artist, is a phenomenon which only appears once in a hundred years. His nature, although modest and retiring, has always commanded the respect of his contemporaries, and his generosity has won all hearts. He will be followed to Carlsruhe by many of his fellow-artists, and he will take with him the best wishes of all. His last historical work, "The taking of Pope Paschall by Henry V. of France," is now almost finished; it contains every excellence of his "Huss," with the additional beauty of splendid color, which the nature of his characters, in a manner, rendered a necessity.

Mr. Leutze, as usual, is hard at work; at present he is about finishing his "Sergeant Jasper Replanting the Flag on Fort Moultrie." The sergeant is represented of life size, as scaling the fort with the recovered flag in hand, which he waves in triumph. The blue ocean at his feet receives the cannon balls directed at him by the enemy; in the distance are seen the men of war vomiting forth their ineffectual fire, while the sky overhead is filled with smoke from the well-returned shots of the fort. Much could be said of the truthful color of the water, riddled by balls which have fallen short of their mark; of the lightness of the smoke, above all, of the animated action and expression of the sergeant himself, all of which points call forth many and strong expressions of delight and admiration; but, although my pen is that of a gossip, and therefore perhaps better entitled to such exclamations than many of more pretensions, I must eschew them, leaving the praise—they surely cannot condemn it—of this work to those who are more familiar with the subject, and better enabled to appreciate it. Mr. Leutze is also occupied with his arrangements for leaving here about January next—a month sooner or later. His intention is to take an atelier on the heights of Georgetown, near Washington, where he will locate himself with his family for the remainder of his days. He has spoken of establishing a school, which it is to be hoped he will do. The departure of Mr. Leutze will be witnessed by his contemporaries with even more concern than that of Lessing; in the latter they will

lose a benevolent instructor, but in the former a warm-hearted friend.

Mr. Bingham's lithograph of his "People's Verdict" is not yet finished, owing to some misunderstanding between him and the lithographer; it may possibly be completed in a few months. His full-lengths of Washington and Jefferson are finished.

The Academy closes on the fifteenth for the season, and the students betake themselves to the country, so called, for the double purpose of recreation and of studying landscape. The customary outfit for such a tramp, which lasts for a month and a half, when the Academy is again reopened, is a pack strapped on the back, consisting of a paint-box and a few articles of clothing, and a bundle also carried on the back containing an umbrella and camp-stool. Each of the above mentioned articles is a study in itself, the necessities superinduced by the mode of study adopted by the artists of this school, having brought them to great perfection. The paint-box is of wood, of saving dimensions; it is so constructed as to admit of the carriage of two or three wet studies at once, and also a palette with colors. It also contains every instrument of the art that is requisite for immediate use, as a complete set of tube-colors, brushes, knife, etc. Its lid is made to fasten open at different angles, so that when set upon the knees it answers all the purposes of an easel. The umbrella consists of two pieces; a stick short at one end, with a steel prong so adapted as to be driven in the ground, and at the other end is a brass nut to receive the screw attached to the handle of an ordinary umbrella. The stick is equally useful in climbing the rocky sides of mountains, as a defence against dogs, and as a necessary appendage to the umbrella, the ostensible object of which is to shade one from the sun while sketching. The third instrument is simply a portable stool to fold in the shape of a stick, the seat being either of cloth or leather. The student being thus brought in contact with nature, is recommended to make extremely careful studies, the best (most celebrated) artists here saying, "It is better to produce six careful studies in a whole season than fifty slight sketches." Detail of leaf and blade of grass are not so much demanded as a truth of general effect, truth of color, perfect truth in drawing. To attain the latter, a great number of pencil drawings are made of trees, rocks, bushes, clouds, and all are finished to perfection. It is by this laborious, though, I believe, not unpleasant process, that the German landscapists give the character of nature to their works, for which they have a world-wide renown. Even after making innumerable studies in this manner, they very seldom trust themselves to design anything; it is true, they design compositions, or so far at least as that may be said to be *designed* which is suggested either by something in nature or a picture; but the component part of these "motives," as they are called here, are nearly always painted from studies taken directly from nature. When the artist has not the required study for a certain part of his design, he borrows one; if he cannot do this, he either alters the design or waits until he is enabled to make one himself. To be still more certain that the work is correct, it is well known that some of them make first a pencil sketch or two of their "motive," then a water-color drawing, then studies for its component parts; fourthly, a cartoon is produced in charcoal of the whole and of the intended size of the picture, and for the fifth act it is perpetrated on canvas. The landscapists appear to be as deficient in invention as the *genre* painters. When a landscape painter is fortunate enough to stumble over

a good idea, and happens to be sufficiently awake to realize it, he is not content to paint one picture of it, and let it pass, but insists on painting variations of the same idea for the next two years. Thus, when some artist has succeeded in getting a fine group of trees in his picture, we are generally favored with it on the opposite side in his next picture, in the middle distance in the third, and finally, in his fourth, the same group of trees is about disappearing in the distance. This remarkable deficiency of inventive power also leads them to choose particular kinds of scenery and subjects, and to paint none other; so that one artist paints nothing but sunsets, another never looks beyond a forest scene, while a third confines himself entirely to water. It is equally bad with the *genre* painters, among whom Mr. S. confines his attention exclusively to full-grown turkeys and children under five years old; Mr. W. to monkeys and brass trumpets—he is known here as the monkey-painter; and Mr. H. never attempted anything in his life but dead rabbits and ducks.

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PARIS, Aug. 5, 1853.

Dear Mr. Editor :

A PAINTER friend of mine, who, if the times were not out of joint, would have his share of commissions, hearing I was about to write to the CRAYON, sends me the following scrap, which I may use as a text :

"Among the longest faces pulled by this financial crisis,  
Which hauls the monied men hard up and puts down all the prices,  
There ain't a glummer set than those who get their bread and bacon  
By painting pictures (not to order), else I'm much mistaken.  
You'd think the times were plaguy bad, if cobblers left off pegging;  
Why not as bad when canvases backs and oil must go a begging?  
When sculptors, going it on a bust, fling chisel by and mallet,  
And hungry painters must forego the pleasures of the palette.  
In all their golden distances they see no golden dollars,  
Such fits of blues in all their skies they almost strike their colors :  
If they could make a hit by that, I dare say they would do it,  
And through their pictures punch their fists, though afterwards they'd  
    rue it.

A striking instance this would be, how all our buttered slices,  
By our own fault, go pitching down in this commercial crisis."

He goes on in this strain; but, as he grows rather personal, I decline any further extracts.

The truth is, times *have* gone hard with the American artists in Paris. I have heard of few commissions, and only small purchases, during the last year. Copiers of old and new European masters alone can look for encouragement. But, in general, not even these repetitions of stereotyped and authenticated market values, find buyers. The purchase of a capital copy of Rosa Bonheur's "Fension," in the Luxembourg (made by a young American artist, Mr. Yewell, and bought by an American gentleman), is really quite an event in the American art-circle here. The painters are obliged to resort to raffles to keep out of Clichy. Paris is the best of all places for an artist to study in—the worst of all places to gain bread and cheese by his art. There are several reasons why this is so. I will not mention the competition with French Art, for this weighs little with the Americans. Paris is an expensive place, particularly for newcomers. The richest American nabob feels poor when his golden heels touch the bitumen of the Boulevards. The blaze of shop-windows—the profusion of articles of luxury and imagined necessity, quite eclipse the humble atelier of the artist. Art is a

myth in the mind of the American half-drowned in this glittering maelstrom of gim-cracks and jewelry. Polite robbers, indoors and out-of doors, beset his steps; gold-thirsty leeches of various trades, whose name is legion, thick as Ohio River mosquitoes on a fresh Easterner, they drain him dry. Then there is the Château des Fleurs, the Mabilie, the Cafés of the Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, the Pré Catalan, the Theatres, the Circus, and "the grand Panjandrum himself with the little round button at top." When he begins to dip into the waters of the *Dolce far niente*, Paris becomes perfectly vortiginous in its whirl. What time or money can be afforded for Art?

"I should like to have purchased something of yours," says the colonel or the judge, "but really I have had so many expenses here, that I have got to the bottom of my purse." The colonel, or the judge, or their friend the merchant has, by a tremendous forcing operation, a sort of hydraulic pressure or pumping up of himself, answered the artist's invitation to ascend to his studio, and at least *see* his works. He has entered as if he were entering a dentist's room for an operation; he has hardly consented to be seated to see the pictures in the proper light. He has, through his eye-glass, or the extempore tube of his five fingers and palm, given as much of his precious time as he could spare on such trifles as the contents of the studio of an artist unblessed by a foreign name and reputation. He has descended the stairs, and by the time he has passed, the concierge at the bottom, his thoughts and fancies have slipped back, like a dislocated shoulder into its socket, and he is on his eternal round of shops, sight-seeing and amusements. The studio is lost in a fog; it fades out of sight, and he is shrouded in total unbelief in all that is most dear to the worshippers of Art. Talk of revivals in America—I should like to see a revival on the subject of art among the millionaires from your side of the water, who throng to Paris. Paris, which is with the French nation the very centre of the world of art, and where hundreds of French painters are appreciated and supported by their own countrymen.

But enough of these complaints. "Why don't you go to Rome?" says some gay-hearted and unperplexed bird of passage—some smooth floater on the Parisian waters. "There is encouragement. Thither rush the sons of freedom in hot haste to purchase. They even rush through Paris, where they might find nearer at hand the works they want to furnish their walls at home. They prefer to fetch their spoils from farthest Ind."

"Simply because we are workers, and not idle birds of passage," answer the painters.

Notwithstanding the pressure of the times, the American artists have been busy.

May, besides several fine portraits, has painted his Italian Lovers—a large picture—and his Dudley and Lady Jane Gray.—Babcock has done several heads and figure-pieces, very rich in color and tone.—Cranch has made a good many sketches and studies in Fontainebleau Forest; some Swiss-scenes, several wood-scenes, and a couple of Italian costume pictures.—White is progressing well with his large picture of "Washington resigning his Commission," for the State of Maryland. He has also finished a fine composition—the evening prayer of a Huguenot party at sea in an open boat.—Dana has done some admirable sea-scenes, and is now studying at Etretat, on the sea coast.—Greenough has been very busy. He has done several busts—a beautiful Cupid bound upon a tortoise (an idea worthy of the antique), and is now modelling an equestrian statue of Washington.—Messrs. Yewell and Howland have been making

excellent copies in the Luxembourg, and both evince fine talent for color.

These are all the American artists I know of. A visitor could see all their ateliers (without any charge) in the course of a day. But like the marble statue of the Commendatore, when he makes that unexpected call on Don Giovanni, just at pudding-time, our wealthy Americans decline sitting down to any artistic feast offered them. Their plea is always—

*Altra cura piu grave que queste,  
Altra brama quaggiu mi guidò.*

They did not come to Paris to be caught in this trap. They will carry off the artist to dine with them at the Hotel du Louvre or the Palais Royal. "Tu m'invitasti a cena—berrai a cenar meco?" But they decline purchasing his works, or giving a commission. Their thoughts are intent on graver matters. Gold shirt-buttons, shirts of the newest fashion, moire antiques, ermines, fans, pin-boxes, dinners at the Trois Frères, drives in the Bois, presentations at court, and a hundred such serious matters make up life in Paris, in the imagination of a newcomer from our shores.

Having growled the above growl, I will close my letter. Apropos de rien, however (except by a smile to offset the growl, and conciliate the outsiders) I will add a conundrum made the other day among the painters. What is the difference between a landscape painter and a marine painter? Answer—One paints the bark *on* the beach, the other paints the bark *off* the beach. Not bad for the hard times.

Yours truly,

MAWLSTICK.

GERMANY—*Vienna*.—Four hundred and forty-one works of art constitute the wealth of our academical exhibition, which opened May 15, comprising three hundred and forty-seven paintings, and the rest statuary and architectural works. Among the exhibitors there are one hundred and thirteen of Vienna, fifty-five of the Austrian possessions in Italy, thirty-seven of Munich, twenty-four of Dusseldorf, thirteen of Berlin, eleven of Dresden, six of Hamburg, six of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, five of Prague, four of Rome, three of Augsburg, two of Leipsic, two of Florence, four of various German towns, and three of Pesth Presburg, and Salzburg.

*Munich*.—The preparations for the exhibition of historical paintings in our Crystal Palace are rapidly progressing. It will open Sept. 20, and the occasion will be celebrated with that peculiar solemnity which generally attends her great artistic demonstrations. Indeed, since the death of Goethe's friend, Charles Augustus of Weimar, the Bavarian sovereign seems to have become the leading champion of art and literature in Germany. There is a literary association here (*Dichterbund*) of which King Maximilian is the chief patron; we have a singular abundance of poet-laureates; and the opening of the new gallery of historical paintings promises to inaugurate a new and brilliant era for art. The artists of Munich are not deaf to the appeals of humanity. The news of the sufferings inflicted upon the inhabitants of Corinth, by the recent earthquake, had no sooner arrived here, when fifteen paintings were at once placed on exhibition at our academy, for the relief of the victims of that calamity. It was a handsome time to do, and it has been done in a handsome manner. The paintings on exhibition consist of fifteen landscapes, executed by L. Lange during the expedition, which, in company with competent associates, he made for that purpose, to Greece in 1834. They represent

Corinth, with various views of its celebrated temple of Poseidon, in addition to Athens, with its Acropolis, and many other sites endeared to the classic scholar as well as to the lover of scenes of that hallowed soil. Another interesting feature in our exhibition is a remarkably ingenious work, carved in ivory, representing seven groups of Kaulbach's designs to Goethe's *Reinecke Fuchs*. The execution is something wonderful. The various adventures of cunning Master Fox are rendered with exquisite gusto, and the interest awakened by the work is increased by the fact of its author being a lad of eighteen years, of the name of Weiss, an apprentice in the famous atelier of Frank in Fürth. Fürth is a town near Nuremberg, remarkable for having been the first place where a railway—the same which connects it with the last named town—was laid out in Germany; further remarkable for possessing a population almost entirely composed of Israelites, for its beautiful dark-eyed Jewesses, and not less distinguished for the skill of its carvers and turners.

ENGLAND.—Many choice pictures in the National Gallery, London, are protected by plate glass. A correspondent of the *Times* complains that "The reflection of neighboring objects catching the strong light from above, often sadly interrupts, sometimes entirely intercepts a view of the picture itself," and thus continues:

A plan has been adopted in one of the rooms of the new picture-gallery in Munich, which bids fair completely to remove this grievous source of annoyance. The central portion of the room is covered with an inner roof of wood, supported on pillars some fourteen feet in height, and eight feet distant from the walls. Ten feet or more above this inner roof, an outer roof of glass (invisible below) admits a flood of light, which is tempered by passing through an upright ground-glass screen before it falls upon the pictures. The spectator himself, with everything around him, is thus completely in the shade, and the eye, neither dazzled or bewildered, is only conscious of the mellow light which seems to issue from the picture. The pillars are certainly obstructions, but a canopy of lighter materials might be easily suspended from above. It is well to mention that the pictures are arranged in a single line, and that each has an architectural compartment in itself. In fact, as far as I can judge, this new picture-gallery in Munich is the nearest approach that has been yet made to perfection.

LIONS, it seems, are to form a portion of the sculptural decoration of the Nelson Monument, in London, and Sir Edwin Landseer has been commissioned to sculpture them. They are each to be of granite, twenty feet long, by nine feet high, and four in number, and are to cost the sum of \$30,000. Landseer, though a painter, has been something of a sculptor, for it is stated that he modelled early in life. He would be entitled to the commission if he were a younger man; as it is, there is but little doubt that it will add "one more to the already too long list of Nelson column blunders."

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—We have occasionally alluded to the publications of this excellent society, and take pleasure in doing so again by copying from the London *Times* the following account of the publications of the society for 1856. A subscription to this society costs \$5 per annum (one guinea). W. H. Dennet, Esq., of the firm of James Munroe & Co., Boston, is the agent for the United States. No lover of art, or what is better, no student of art, should hold back from subscribing to the best public effort of the day for diffusing a knowledge of rare and instructive works of art.

The Arundel Society presents an opening of a more practical kind to

all who are anxious to help in preserving, by way of careful record, the great works of the noblest period of Italian art. The *Times* last year noticed the general meeting of this society, at which Mr. Layard placed at the command of the council the tracings from frescoes made by him during the autumns of 1855 and 1856, in northern and central Italy, together with Mrs. Higford Burr's elaborate drawings of the interiors of which these frescoes formed the principal decoration. The Council have availed themselves of Mr. Layard's liberal offer, and the publication now before us is the first fruits of the undertaking on which they have thus been enabled to enter.

Never, we should suppose, was seen such a guinea's worth since societies, artistic and archaeological, began to publish. It includes two large chromo-lithographs—one a fac-simile of Mrs. Burr's drawing of the interior of the Arena Chapel at Padua, built and decorated throughout by Giotto; the other, a drawing by Signor Marianecci, after Pietro Perugino's fine fresco of the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," in the chapel at Panicale, on the lake of Perugia. These lithographs, printed in color with remarkable success by Mr. Vincent Brookes, are accompanied by fac-similes of Mr. Layard's tracings of the five principal heads in Perugino's composition, executed by Signor Bartoccini, of Rome. Besides these, there are included in the year's subscription two woodcuts from the series of Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel, whose general connection and effect for one side and end of the chapel may be gathered from Mrs. Burr's drawing. When the woodcuts after Giotto now in progress are all issued, the Council of the Arundel Society will have placed in the hands of its subscribers one of the best available examples of a cycle of religious legend, told pictorially, by the greatest master of the fourteenth century. Mrs. Burr's drawing will show how these pictures were disposed and connected together by bands of elaborate ornamentation, so as to convert the whole chapel into one great volume of Sacred story.

The Council have shown sound discretion in availing themselves of chromo-lithography. With all the imperfections of the process it affords the best means of giving a notion of the color of frescoes, and no adequate conception of fresco art can be obtained without the aid of color. Some artists may question the value of the large tracings on this account; and however precious such tracings may be as records of great works in daily and hourly progress towards destruction, it may be doubted if the expenditure on fac-similes of them, at once inconvenient and costly, from their size, be the most judicious that the Council could make.

The question is often mooted—"Of what use is it to diffuse examples of art so archaic as that of Giotto?" The Council of the Arundel Society may, or may not, be satisfied with our answer, that such examples of early art are not circulated as models for imitation, but as illustrations of what modern art was in its first great awakening from the rigid repose of the Byzantine school; to show how it grew from its first mighty stride towards naturalism in the hands of Giotto to the perfection of representative power in Raphael and the great Venetians and Lombards. Now, examples of single works may in some degree show this much. But by no single works can it be shown how early artists wrought their wall-pictures into books—each fresco a chapter—till the gorgeously-colored volume spread over a whole edifice, whether town-hall, cloister of burial-yard, or convent, mortuary chapel, or vast cathedral, that all who entered there,—young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple, clerk and lay—might read the lesson of life, the saintly legend, and the record of Old Testament or New.

To show this we must have, with copies of single pictures, colored representations of thirteenth and fourteenth century interiors, with the whole series of decorative works upon their walls. Nothing could teach so forcibly as such representations how the functions of art decoration were understood in those early days when art was really part of the daily life of the people, and when the demand for pictures was incessant, because their purpose was not amusement, but instruction, and the beautifying of the walls reared by the worthies of a town for their public affairs, by a trade guild for the credit of the craft, by a

monastic order for the honor of their founder, or by a repentant chief or remorseful captain for atonement of his sins. Until this is thoroughly understood, we can never hope to estimate early art aright, or properly to direct our efforts after any such employment of art for public purposes as may now-a-days be possible.

But, besides the instructive uses of the Arundel publications, they have a conservative value. By means of this society, if its numbers and means were extended enough, much might be done to preserve by faithful copies the hundreds of admirable frescoes now disappearing, partly from time, but more from neglect or ill-usage, from the walls of almost every town in Lombardy and Central Italy. In furtherance of this excellent object, the society announce as in contemplation the following publications:

"St. Catherine borne to the Tomb by Angels, a fresco by Luini, in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

"The four frescoes by the same great master, in the Church of Saronno.

"The Annunciation, the Nativity, and Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Pinturicchio, at Spello.

"The frescoes of Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa, in the chapel of S. Cecilia, at Bologna.

"The 'Paradiso' of Orcagna, in the church of S. Maria Novella, at Florence.

"A very interesting fresco by Ottaviano Nelli, at Gubbio.

"The celebrated fresco of Giovanni Sanzio, containing the portrait of his son Raphael, at Cagli.

"The 'Life of St. Augustine,' a series of frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli at S. Gimignano.

"The frescoes by the same painter in the Riccardi Chapel at Florence.

"The works of Simone Memmi, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Taddeo Bartolo, and others of the Siennese school."

Of these, two of the frescoes of Pinturicchio at Spello are already in the hands of Mr. Vincent Brookes for the next annual publication of the society.

We earnestly hope that the remarkable publication just issued will add largely to the numbers of the society, which already counts more than 800 subscribers. Those who feel an interest in early art, and are anxious to aid in preserving faithful records of its master-pieces, should lose no time in forwarding their guineas to Mr. Norton, the Secretary of the Arundel Society, at 24 Old Bond street. They will certainly, if we may judge from the present publication, have no reason to complain of an insufficient return for their money, leaving out of account all considerations of the instructive or conservative value of the society's labors.

These functionaries of the Imperial Library, at Paris, have published some facts with a view to show what trouble ignorant applicants give them. A commercial traveller, on being told by some English acquaintance that McCulloch's Dictionary was the work he should study, wrote on the usual schedule, "Dictionnaire commercial de ma culotte." "Le Roland d'Aristote," "Le mille de jan jao," "Les Néréides de Virgile," were specimens of the books demanded. In winter crowds come to sit at the tables for the purpose of warming themselves in the cozy atmosphere of the hall, and one having been supplied with a quarto, called for an additional volume in folio. "On what subject?" "Oh, n'importe! Let it be a good sized one; I only want to sit on it, as I am not high enough."

The museum of Dordrecht (Holland) has just received a letter from the executors of the late M. Ary Scheffer, informing them that the great artist has bequeathed to his native town the following works of art; The portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Scheffer; a dog lying down, life size, by the same; a copy of a picture of "Christ Rémunérateur," on pasteboard, of the size of the original in England; and a copy of the picture of "Christ Consolateur," both by the deceased painter; the statue in plaster representing the mother of Scheffer, and executed by

the painter; a plaster bust of his mother, executed by himself; the bust of Ary Scheffer, by his daughter; and the "Virgin and Infant Jesus," in plaster, by himself. There are only three copies of this in plaster, and none in marble. After the death of the daughter of M. Ary Scheffer, the statue and bust of his mother, and the bust of himself, which are copies of the originals in marble, are to be destroyed and replaced by the originals, now in the possession of the daughter. The town of Dordrecht, proud of having given birth to so celebrated an artist, proposes to erect a statue to his memory, and a committee has been formed to carry out the project.

## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1858.

### Sketchings.

ART ON THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

In relation to the art applied to the Capitol-extension at Washington, there are so many points that excite discussion, a brief and just allusion to them is scarcely possible. The Capitol is a fertile text; it embodies already in a tangible form successes and failures enough to illustrate, amply, every principle that pertains to the public encouragement of art. To make a full statement of art-operations at the Capitol, to criticise works produced as well as the means employed to obtain them, would require much space and more knowledge of details than we possess; it is sufficient for our purpose to specify certain works and the principles, visible through these works, the relation of which all can understand who are familiar with the art at the Capitol, the subject of Art and the Art resources of the country. In the first place as to the sculpture. We repeat what we have stated before, that the various works in this department of Art that have been provided for the extension, are due to sounder judgment and more comprehensive intention, than is apparent in any of the previous acts of government, in relation to national art. The commissions for the pediment group, the statue of America, etc., by Crawford, the Bronze Doors, by Rogers, and works by Rinehart and others (all American sculptors) have been most judiciously bestowed; these gentlemen were fully entitled to them, subject to the conditions on which they were granted. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the fact, that the productions of these artists are not equal to the master-pieces of Phidias or Michael Angelo, nor do they open a door to comparative criticism; all we have to consider is, whether their works are in anywise meritorious and in any degree satisfactorily representative of the native artistic ability of the age in which the Capitol is built. We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that they are so. Other commissions might have fallen upon American artists besides those named, equally deserving in every respect, but the non-action of the government towards these artists comes under the head of sins of omission—a consideration of these mistakes may be postponed to a more fitting opportunity.

Secondly, as to the painting on the walls of the Capitol, so justly censured. As examples of decoration—not of art—some of the committee-rooms are beautiful, while others are decided failures. With a fuller knowledge of the art-resources of the country, more satisfactory results could have been effected with the same money. That Congress, however, at the time the Capitol extension was projected, would have sanctioned the proper plan for bringing